

# AT THE HELM



A/RP

## Duane Elms







# DUANE ELMS



4/80'

## AT THE HELM







**DUANE ELMS**

*Keep smiling  
Keep talking  
Duane Elms*

**AT  
THE HELM**

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# INTRODUCTION

## A Mediation Composed Under the Influence of Too Many Songs by Duane Elms

by Frank Hayes

Who **is** Duane Elms?

Cleveland, Ohio. Tuesday, 4:15 am. Along the grim and forbidding banks of the Cuyahoga River, the sound of slamming doors rings over and over, as bartenders kick the last sodden denizens of their establishments into the street and shutter their taverns for the night. As the silence slowly swallows the last echoes of the nightly din, a lone figure careens unsteadily along the shore—tall, gaunt, ghastly pale and wildly dressed in a style long gone, long forgotten. He sweeps past barroom and nightclub and bistro and tavern, all shuttered and empty, each as familiar to him as the home he now has no hope of finding again, then beyond them to the looming darkness of the bridge—high, ancient engine of torture stretched out across the rack of the river. Half across it he pauses a moment, then turns to face the murky, slowly roiling darkness of the water below. At the edge of the bridge, at the very edge of life itself, he leans forward and throws up his arms and throws back his head and suddenly the river is ablaze in light, the fire rising in its sudden pillar from the river's bubbling depths, spreading in a roar from shore to shore and silhouetting the grim, gaunt figure upon the bridge in one final blaze of ecstasy and destruction.

...No, that's not Duane. Of course not—at 4 am on a Tuesday, Duane's home in bed dreaming up more yarns about ghosts fighting in space, pirates and programmers facing schedules gone awry, stories he'll spin out into some of the best science-fiction and fantasy songs you'll ever hear. What the heck would Duane be doing standing on a bridge in the middle of the night while the highly volatile chemistry of the Cuyahoga spontaneously catches fire?

Some people have pretty strange ideas about a songwriter's life.

Want to find out who Duane Elms **really** is—what he's **really** like?

You can start by turning the page. . .



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# The Ahasuerus & Flint Traveling Carnival Show

Words and Music: Duane Elms

Garishly

|<--start of verse

The musical score is written in 4/4 time and consists of seven staves. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 4/4 time signature. It features a repeat sign followed by a melody with a triplet of eighth notes. The second staff continues the melody. The third staff includes a section marked 'spoken' with a dashed line above the notes. The fourth staff continues the melody. The fifth staff features a rest followed by a melody. The sixth staff includes a section marked 'go to --> % last time thru' and ends with a double bar line and a repeat sign. The seventh staff continues the melody and ends with a triplet of eighth notes.

|:|:Am A11 E A11: 3 |E A11 E A11|: 2 |

Am G Am G  
The Ahasuerus and Flint Traveling Carnival show,  
Am G E  
Headed out for the stars on that night long ago,  
Am G Am G  
With no hesitation, not even a tear,  
Am G E  
'Cause it's got to be better than what we got here.

Am G Am G  
 Chorus: Hurry, hurry, step right this way,  
 Am G E  
 For the best little show in the whole Milky Way.  
 Am G Am G  
 We'll show you a little, you'll think it's a lot,  
 Am G E  
 And all that it costs you is all that you got.

Am G  
 We got a three legged hootch dancer,  
 Am G  
 Rootin' tootin' ring master,  
 E A11 E A11 E A11 A  
 Freaks and geeks and a carnival show.  
 Am G  
 Muscle bound head ringer,  
 Am G  
 Shoot-'em-up gun slinger,  
 E A11 E A11 E A11 A  
 All that we want is all of your dough.

The Ahasuerus and Flint Traveling Carnival show,  
 Brings the thrills and the chills that you'll never outgrow.  
 We'll give you a bump, then we'll give you a grind,  
 If you come blow your bankroll then we'll blow your mind.

The Ahasuerus and Flint Traveling Carnival show,  
 With the terrors of Hell from the depths far below,  
 Watch the courage displayed in the cage with the beast.  
 For the price of admission you might watch a feast.

Chorus:

The Ahasuerus and Flint Traveling Carnival show,  
 Brings the games and the frames so the shekels will flow.  
 When the heat comes along then there's palms to be greased.  
 If the marks wasn't sheep then they couldn't be fleeced.

Chorus:



# An Investigation Into the Concept of Compound Interest

Words: Duane Elms

Music: *Space is Dark* by Bill Roper

Am G  
 Chorus: Space is dark and space is deep,  
 Am G  
 But so's the vault in which we keep  
 Am G F E  
 One thousand years of hazard pay,  
 Am G Am G  
 Where interest compounds every day,  
 Am G F E  
 And accountants there will testify  
 Am G F E E  
 That there's nought we see that we can't buy.

Am G Am Em Am  
 When we signed up for deep space, we knew we'd be gone a while.  
 C Am Em Am  
 So I made some arrangements that should set us up in style.  
 C Am Em Am  
 A tax free trust receives our pay from our hard won careers,  
 G Am G Am Em Am  
 At interest rates that double our net worth each seven years.

And so we set out on our trip through interstellar space.  
 Five hundred years we travelled as our money grew apace.  
 There's thirty thousand trillion trillion dollars in the till,  
 When some unknown caretaker breaks a seal to know our will.

Chorus:

If hyper-drive exists then off of Earth diversify.  
 If not, then to develop it all proceeds please apply.  
 And if we are successful then the secret hold quite dear,  
 And send someone to meet us when our target star we near.

Ten years from when we set the quest they found the hyper-drive.  
 And man spread to a million stars and we own all but five.  
 For we control all commerce, any trade must feed our trust,  
 And every ship that moves must lease the hyper-drive from us.

Chorus:

As we awoke from frozen sleep, we all knew what to do.  
 We each phoned up our broker just to ask him what was new.  
 One thousand years of compound interest leads to lovely thoughts,  
 Like assets in the range of three followed by fifty naughts.

Now we know everybody can't do everything we've done.  
 This only works if you're the first to leave your native sun.  
 But still there is the lesson here that patience can win out.  
 If this week things don't go your way, then wait the bastards out.

Chorus:



Duane Elms: Elms at the Helm



# A Slight Exaggeration

Words: Duane Elms

Music: 76 Trombones by Meredith Willson

| G - - - | G - - - |

C                      D7    G7  
 76 slave girls at the masquerade,  
 G7    C  
 With a hundred and ten Dorsai right behind.  
 C                                      C7                      F                      D7  
 They were followed by droves of gnomes and a hoard of Vader clones,  
                     G   D7                      G7                      D7   G7  
 Chasing aliens of every kind.

C                      D7    G7  
 76 old pros in the con suite bar,  
 G7    C  
 With a hundred and ten femme-fen close in tow,  
 C                                      C7                      F                      D7  
 Spinning stories of fannish lore which we all have heard before,  
                     G7                                      C  
 Winking broadly to those in the know.

C                      F                                      C7  
 There were Logan's runners, death patrols and drunken fen,  
 C7                      G#dim                      F  
 Thundering, thundering, up and down the halls.  
 F    C  
 Party hopping revelers with lots of gin,  
 G7    C   G7   C7  
 Most of them bouncing off all the walls.

F C7  
 There were Tully drinking filkers in the lobby chairs,  
 C7 G#dim F  
 Slumbering, slumbering, waiting for a chance,  
 F F7 Bb E7  
 Instruments of every kind and desk clerks who had lost their mind,  
 F Gm C F F F7 D7 G7  
 And six hundred coneheads out of France.

76 flush marks in the dealers room,  
 Each a hundred and ten more bucks in the hole.  
 Buying plexiglas guns and tons of expensive paraphen-  
 Alia. Each one living on the dole.

76 shell shocked hotel managers,  
 With a hundred and ten stunned maids in a daze,  
 Each one wondering if they'll last 'til the worst of this is past,  
 And demanding that they get a raise.

There were 20,000 Wookies each with falling hair,  
 Lumbering, lumbering through the buffet line.  
 Rubber chicken flying thru the open air,  
 Over there, maybe we'll find some wine.

There were 83 mundanes from Boise, Idaho,  
 Blundering, blundering in from Sunday school.  
 Took one look as they walked in, got back on their bus again,  
 And drove it into the outdoor pool.

C D7 G7  
 76 loud parties on every floor,  
 G7 C  
 With a hundred and ten bath tubs full of bheer.  
 C C7 F D7  
 The whirlpool's awash with fen, couldn't fit another in  
 C  
 As we partied, partied, partied down,  
 G7 C  
 Next year I won't volunteer.



## The Authors

Words: Duane Elms

Music: *Modern Major General* by Sir Arthur Sullivan

C  
There's Asimov and Christopher and Silverberg and Ellison,  
G  
And Haldeman and Stapledon and McIntyre and Harrison,  
C  
And Piper, Saberhagen, Lee, and Davenport and Anderson,  
G D G  
And Vonnegut and Sutherland and Meredith and Matheson.  
G Cm  
And Winterbotham, Anthony, McCaffery and Peterson,  
Bb Ebm  
And McIntosh and Wibberly and Yermakov and Nicholson,  
G Cm  
And Lafferty and Bradbury and Morressy and Stephenson,  
Ab G  
And Hamilton and Lichtenberg and Mackelworth and Henderson.

C  
There's Clement, Cooper, Collins, Carter, Campbell, Clark and Coulson,  
G  
And Niven, Norton, Norman, Newman, Neville, North and Robeson,  
C                      G                      C                      G  
And Simak, Sheckley, Sargent, Spinrad, Spencer, Starr and Logan,  
C                      F                      C                      G                      C  
And Holly, Huxley, Heinlein, Herbert, Howard, Hoyle and Hogan.

There's Ballard, Baker, Benford, Bester, Biggle, Bush and Ballinger,  
And Bova, Brackett, Brunner, Burgess, Burroughs, Brown and Banister,  
And Dickson, Dick, DeCamp, DelRey, Delany, Ing and Effinger,  
And Forward, Farmer, Gerrald, Godwin, Griffith, Gunn and Janifer.  
And Offutt, Orwell, Pangborn, Panshin, Pournelle, Priest and Torgenson,  
And Russell, Russ, and Roddenberry, Rossiter and Robinson,  
And Sturgeon, Stuart, Sterling, Sutton, Sidomak and Donaldson,  
And Turner, Tucker, Taylor, Thomas, Tiptree, Tubb and Williamson.

There's Alexander, Cameron, and Elliot and Eddison,  
 And E.E. Smith and G.H. Smith and G.O. Smith and Salmonson,  
 And Charbonneau and Davidson and Spielberg and Zelazny,  
 And Merrill, Merrit, Moorcock, Morgan, Lewis, Lem and Bradley.

C                    G                    C                    G  
 I hope that each of those I missed will not be disappointed,  
 C                    F                    C                    G                    C  
 I had to stop right here before my brain became disjointed.



# Bomber

Words and Music: Duane Elms

Explosively (Em A11 Em A11 guitar rhythm for spoken verses)

Chorus: A A7 A A7 A A11 Em A11

Em B A7 --run down to-- Em A11 Em

Bridge: A A7 A A7 A A11 Em A11 Em A

A7 A A7 A B7 C7 B7

Em -- A11 -- alternate....  
 Sleek and clean, the death machines  
 Stand ready on the decks.  
 Inside the men who fight in them  
 Run through their final checks.  
 Absorbed in it, the pilots sit,  
 Their lives unmoved by hate.  
 For those that fly make others die,  
 And never touch their fate.

Chorus:

A A7 A  
 He just flies the bomber.  
 A7 A A11 Em A11 Em  
 He never sees their eyes when the hell comes down.  
 B A7 -run- Em A11 Em  
 He just flies the bomber.



Inbound trip, without a slip  
 The shuttle drops them free.  
 They set the track for their attack.  
 The back-up comps agree.  
 Now trim the jet, and don't forget  
 To plot in the return.  
 It's time to go, for down below's  
 The planet that must burn.

Chorus:

Now make the run, so quick it's done,  
 And death screams toward the ground.  
 But moving fast, they're so far past,  
 They never hear the sound.  
 A final turn as from the stern  
 They watch the mushrooms grow,  
 That fill the night with deadly light,  
 And kill the world below.

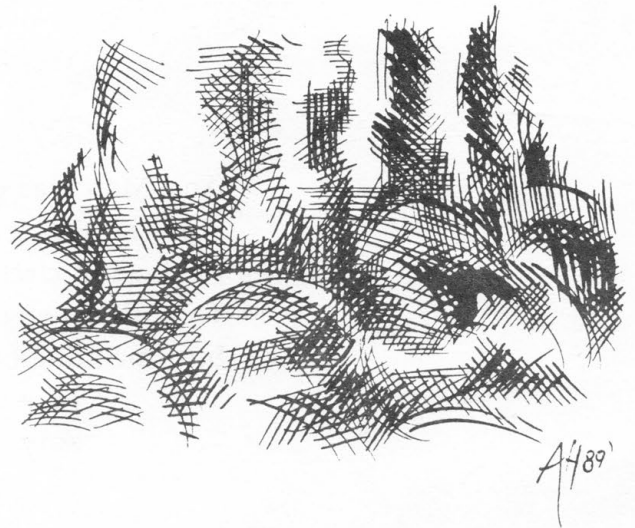
Chorus:

A                      A7 A                      A7 A                      A11 Em  
 Back aboard the shuttle, there'll be time enough to think of what they've done.

A11                      Em  
 A                      A7 A                      A7 A                      B7  
 They'll find their antiseptic war won't leave them with a place that they can run.  
 C7                      B7  
 Nowhere to run.

And there's no deep, untroubled sleep,  
 For one with such a debt.  
 And guilt, alone, will not atone,  
 Nor let a soul forget  
 Those cries and screams, they're not just dreams,  
 Imaginations lies.  
 Goddamn the whore, the bitch who bore  
 You killers of the skies.

Chorus:



# Cat's Cradle

Words: Duane Elms

Music: *Cat's in the Cradle* by Harry Chapin

E G  
 Ghod made the mud, part of which is me.  
 A E  
 Nice going, Ghod, don't you all agree?  
 E G  
 When Man asked Ghod what the purpose be,  
 A E  
 Ghod told Man "Think one up", you see,  
 D D/C# Bm7 D/A  
 And Ghod, He went away and men wasted their lives  
 G Bm E  
 On sophistry, dogma and lies, friend,  
 G Bm E  
 On sophistry, dogma and lies.

E D  
 Chorus: See the cat, see the cradle, see the granfalloon,  
 G A  
 Hear the Earth die with a Great Ah-Whoom.  
 E D  
 What's it all mean? Well, you know damn well,  
 G Bm E  
 It really doesn't mean a thing, friend,  
 G Bm E  
 You know it doesn't mean a thing.

And Man was proud of the mud called Man,  
 Since he was left to make the master plan,  
 And off in circles our fathers ran,  
 To gather together the human clan,  
 Into meaningless unions of wishes and air,  
 Like nations, any time, anywhere, friend,  
 Any nation, any time, anywhere.

Chorus:

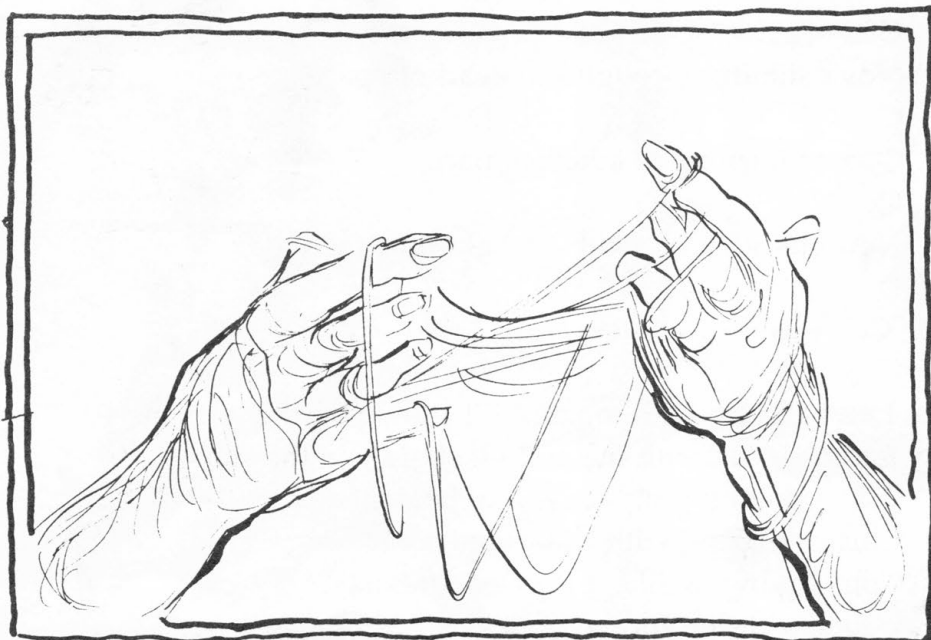
The things men did to their fellow man  
 In the name of this I don't understand.  
 The effort spent on a fruitless plan  
 That's not done a damn bit of good for man,  
 But don't ask me why it still goes on today,  
     I dunno, I dunno, I dunno, friend,  
     I dunno, I dunno, I dunno.

Chorus:

Bridge: C D Bm E C D Bm E

If it's Ghod you want, that's fine with me,  
 Go ahead, make one up, it's free.  
 Believe what you want, it's your life, you see,  
 But don't try to tell me what I should be,  
 And don't try to sell me a final plan,  
     It's a fraud on your fellow man, friend,  
     It's a fraud on the mud called man.

Chorus:





# Come My Lady

Words and Music: Duane Elms

Seductively

The musical score is written in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a time signature of 2/4. It consists of five staves of music. Above the first staff is a 'D' chord symbol. Above the third staff are 'C', 'D', and 'D' chord symbols, followed by first and second endings. Above the fourth staff are 'G', 'A', 'D', 'G', 'A', and 'D' chord symbols. Above the fifth staff are 'G', 'A', 'Bm', 'A', 'G', and 'A' chord symbols. The music features various rhythmic patterns including eighth and sixteenth notes, and rests.

D

Come my Lady and fly with me and I'll show you the heavens,

D

Come my Lady and fly with me and I'll show you the stars.

C

D

Nova shining through the dead of space,

C

D

Quasar burning at a hellish pace,

C

D

New star glowing with a bright blue face,

D

Come with me forever....

Come my Lady and fly with me and I'll show you the heavens,

Come my Lady and fly with me and I'll show you the stars.

Pulsar spinning out an X-Ray beam,

Cluster blazing with a starlit gleam,

Comet glowing like a jeweled stream,

Come with me forever....

Chorus:

G        A        D  
 For you are all that I've dreamed of,  
 G        A        D  
 And you are all that I need.  
           G        A                    Bm A G        A  
 Through time and space take your special place with me.....

Come my Lady and fly with me and I'll show you the planets,  
 Come my Lady and fly with me and I'll show you the worlds.  
 Floating cities alabaster white,  
 Black sand beaches on a summer's night,  
 Mountains gleaming in the morning light,  
 Come with me forever....

Come my Lady and fly with me and I'll show you the planets,  
 Come my Lady and fly with me and I'll show you the worlds.  
 Cities glitter in the dusk below,  
 Broad rings shining with a welcome glow,  
 Twilight fading into indigo,  
 Come with me forever....

Chorus:

Come my Lady and fly with me and I'll show you my passion,  
 Come my Lady and fly with me and I'll show you my love.  
 Fingers touching on a moonlit night,  
 Salty kisses saying, "It's all right,"  
 Blue eyes shining ever clear and bright,  
 Come with me forever....

Come my Lady and fly with me and I'll show you my passion,  
 Come my Lady and fly with me and I'll show you my love.  
 Warm embraces by a glowing fire,  
 Anticipation as we both retire,  
 Sweet expressions of a new desire,  
 Come with me forever....

Chorus:

Come my Lady and fly with me.





Now James T. Kirk's a role ol' Clint would sure find apropos,  
 "Cause Jim gets all the women and he vanquishes his foes.  
 The thought of it gives me the chills. Can't you just hear Kirk say,  
 "Lock phasors, Mr. Sulu. Come on, Khan, make my day."

Flash Gordon, boy now there's a part that Clint would do up swell.  
 With Baron, Dale and Zarkov, man the stories they could tell.  
 Just think, back in the lab when they destroy the Nitron Ray,  
 Flash draws his sword and mutters, "Come on, Ming, make my day."

Chorus:

Well, how 'bout that Han Solo guy, now there's a part for Clint.  
 A flying, fighting, scoundrel with an egotistic bent.  
 He shows up in the nick of time and blows bad guys away,  
 Then mumbles to the Princess, "Come on, kid, make my day."

Superman's another dude that Clint could play no sweat.  
 He's big and cool and beats up crooks, how type cast can you get?  
 He faces every peril, don't let nothing block his way,  
 As he hollers out to Luthor, "Come on, punk, make my day."

Chorus:



# The Dark Children

Words and Music: Duane Elms

Stealthily Em Bm Em Bm Em D G A B

Em Bm Em Bm Em D G D Em

Chorus: Am A11 Am Em A11 Am A11 Em A11 Em A11 Em

Am A11 Em A11 Am A11 Em Am A11 Em A11 Em A11 Am

Em Bm Em Bm  
 Ghosts of the star lanes, space spooks and specters,  
 Em D G A B  
 Tales in the bars of a hundred seedy ports.  
 Em Bm Em Bm  
 Lies for the new men, myths just to frighten,  
 Em D G D Em  
 But scant comfort rests in the truth they distort.

Days out and running, night watch is drowsy.  
 A tenuous mist glides unseen past their post.  
 Formless mentalities, alien energies,  
 Flow through the ship as they seek out a host.

Here they encounter him, softly surrounding,  
 Slip through his guard to take up their domain.  
 Safe, unsuspected, softly the evil sends  
 Murmurs of madness to drift through his brain.

Am A11 Am Am Em A11 Am  
 Chorus: We are the Dark Children, Spawn of the Incubus.  
 Am A11 Em A11 Em A11 Em  
 Depths of the night time are the lands we command.  
 Am A11 Am Am Em A11 Am  
 We hold the life power, try not to anger us.  
 Am A11 Em A11 Em A11 Am  
 Tread soft the fine line, there is death near at hand.

Sleepless and frightened, tossing and turning,  
 Grabs for the pills that will bring silent sleep.  
 But for a moment, glimpse of his madness,  
 Back through subconscious Hell's voices still creep.

Chorus: (louder)

Nightmares of stark content crash through his twisted brain.  
 Tortures, barbarity, all reason in doubt.  
 Strewn on the battlefield, foes dead and heroes slain,  
 And through all the chaos the mind fiends still shout.

Chorus: (louder)

Fitful and restless, wakes in night's darkest,  
 Stares down in horror at the blood on his hands.  
 Drugs will not hold them, insistent, demanding,  
 Against all his will he obeys their commands.

Quiet from the cabin and out through the ship steals  
 Malevolent death in the form of a man.  
 Up to the bridge, knife edge slashing, teeth tearing,  
 The mate sounds alarm as he dies in the van.

I am the Dark Child, Killer from the Incubus.  
 Depths of the night time are the lands I command.  
 I will destroy you. My will is never just,  
 No more a fine line, there is death in my hand.

Mindless and screaming, breathlessly running,  
 Where's his next victim, they savor the thrill.  
 Warned and alerted, wary and ruthless,  
 Crew of the ship arm to stalk and to kill.

He feels the blast heat, feels lasers tearing,  
 Swiftly the Dark Children steal from his mind.  
 Death's no release now. How can he warn them?  
 Whose is the next brain these demons will find?

Chorus: (softly)

Chorus:



# Dawson's Christian

Words and Music: Duane Elms

Hauntingly

Em

G

D

Em

D

Em

G

D

Em

**Chorus:**

G

Em

G

Em

D

Em

D

G

Em

G

Em

D

Em

D

Em

Em

G

Jayme Dawson was the Captain of the Christian and her crew,

D

Em

D

And he flew and fought the Christian in the War of '82.

Em

G

Now the Christian was the tightest ship 'tween here and Charlemagne,

D

Em

And the crew of Jayme Dawson was the same.

On patrol in sector seven, keeping watch on Barber's sun,  
 They were jumped by three light cruisers though they weren't a match for one.  
 As they came to general quarters and they sent out the alarm,  
 Dawson's crew was sure they'd finally bought the farm.

No one living saw that battle though the fleet was quick to leave.  
 When they reached the site they found a scene no sane man could believe.  
 Dead in space lay three light cruisers, cut to ribbons all around,  
 But no sign of Dawson's Christian could be found.

G                      Em                      G                      Em  
 There are stories of the Dutchman, the Celeste and Barnham's Pride,  
 D                                      Em                      D  
 There are stories of the Horseman and the Lady at his side,  
 G                      Em                      G                      Em  
 But the tale that chills my spirit, more because I know it's true,  
 D                                      Em  
 Is the tale of Jayme Dawson and his crew,  
 D                                      Em  
 Yes, the tale of Dawson's Christian and her crew.

I was second mate on Hera's Dream, a freighter of the line.  
 We were shipping precious metals to the colony on Nine.  
 It was on the second watch of that most uneventful flight,  
 When the pirate ships appeared out of the night.

Now to me there was no question, for they had us four to one,  
 And you can't fight dirty pirates when your freighter has no gun.  
 So we stood by to be boarded by a party yet unseen,  
 When another ship appeared upon our screen.

First we thought it just a pirate, but the vector was all wrong.  
 Then we thought it might be rescue, but the signal wasn't strong.  
 When she didn't answer hailing, we all felt an unknown dread,  
 For we saw her shields were up and glowing red.

Now the courage of that single ship is shown by very few,  
 But we never knew a ship could fly the way the stranger flew.  
 Never fearing guns or numbers, like a tiger to its meat,  
 The stranger then attacked the pirate fleet.

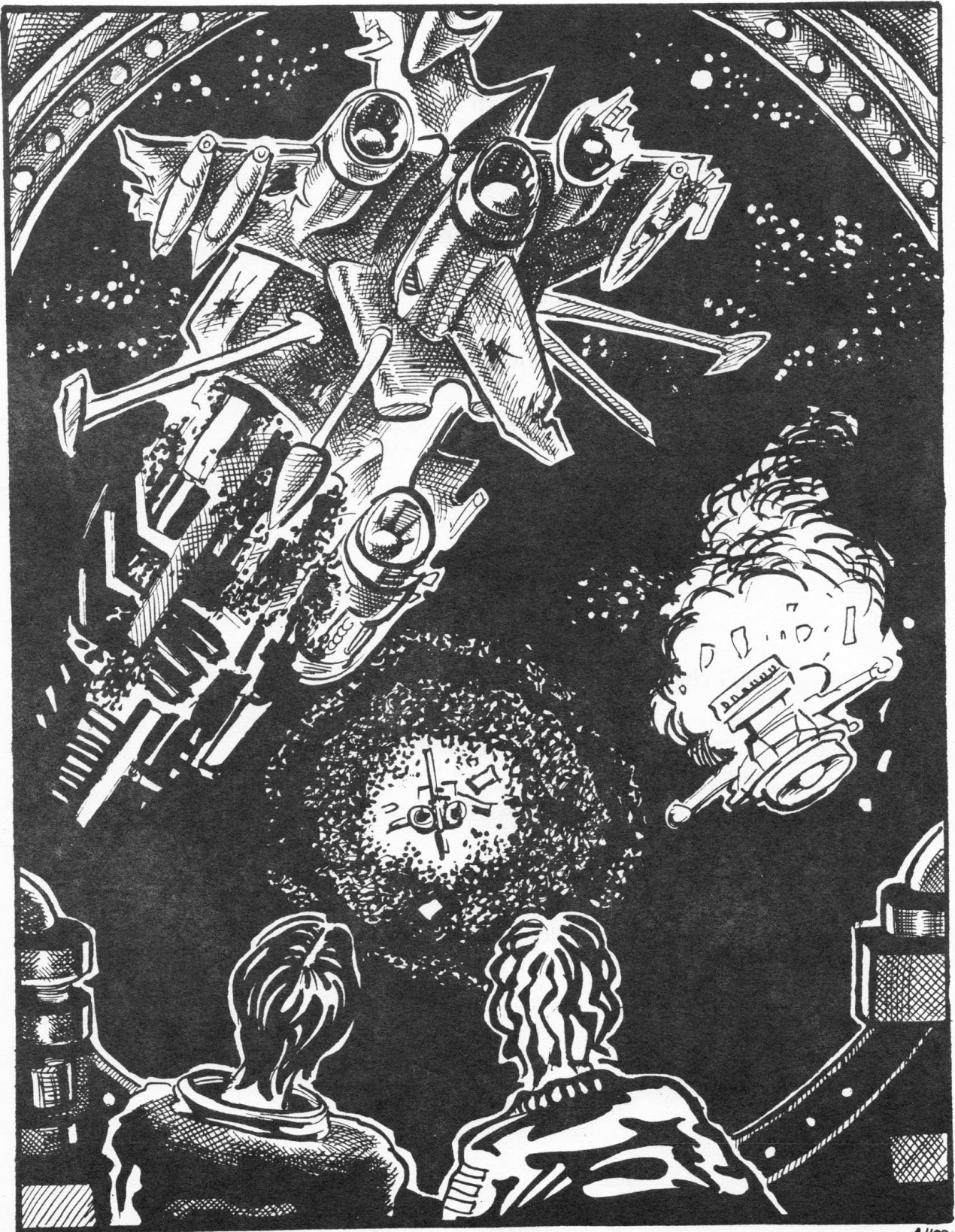
And the strangers beams burned brighter than all beams I'd seen before.  
And the strangers shields were harder than the heart of any whore.  
As the battle rent the eather, while we watched and shook our heads,  
The pirate ships were cut to bloody shreds.  
The pirate ships were cut to bloody shreds.

Just as quickly as it started then the fighting was all done.  
For the pirate fleet was shattered and the stranger's ship had won.  
Though we tried to call and thank her, not an answer could we draw,  
Then she dropped her shields and this is what we saw.

There were thirty holes clear through her and a gash along one side,  
And we knew that when it happened, that no crew were left alive.  
For the markings all said Christian, deep inside us each one knew,  
'Twas the tomb of Jayme Dawson and his crew.

Now instead of flying off, the stranger then began to fade,  
First the hull, and then the bulkheads as we cowered there afraid,  
For as the Christian disappeared, the last to slip from view,  
Were the bones of Jayme Dawson and his crew.  
Yes, the bones of Jayme Dawson and his crew.

There are stories of the Dutchman, the Celeste and Barnham's Pride,  
There are stories of the Horseman and the Lady at his side,  
But the tale that chills my spirit, and I swear to God it's true,  
Is the tale of Jayme Dawson and his crew,  
Yes, the tale of Dawson's Christian and her crew.



A/H89

Duane Elms: Elms at the Helm



# Don't Mess Around with Ben

Words: Duane Elms

Music: *Don't Mess Around with Jim* by Jim Croce

E

Oh, de Empire got its Death Star,

E

De Empire got its suns,

E

But the Empire ain't got Obi-wan Kenobi,

E

He's a forceful son-of-a-gun.

A

He's old and wise and he can catch you lies

A

Before you even get 'em off of your tongue.

B

A

And you better believe you're in a whole lotta trouble

B

A

If you're gonna do somethin' wrong,

E

A

E

A

E

Just because.

Don't'cha know,

A

E

You don't tug on the Emperor's cape,

A

E

You don't lead with your chin,

A

You don't pull the mask off of old Darth Vader,

B

E

B

And you don't mess around with Ben.

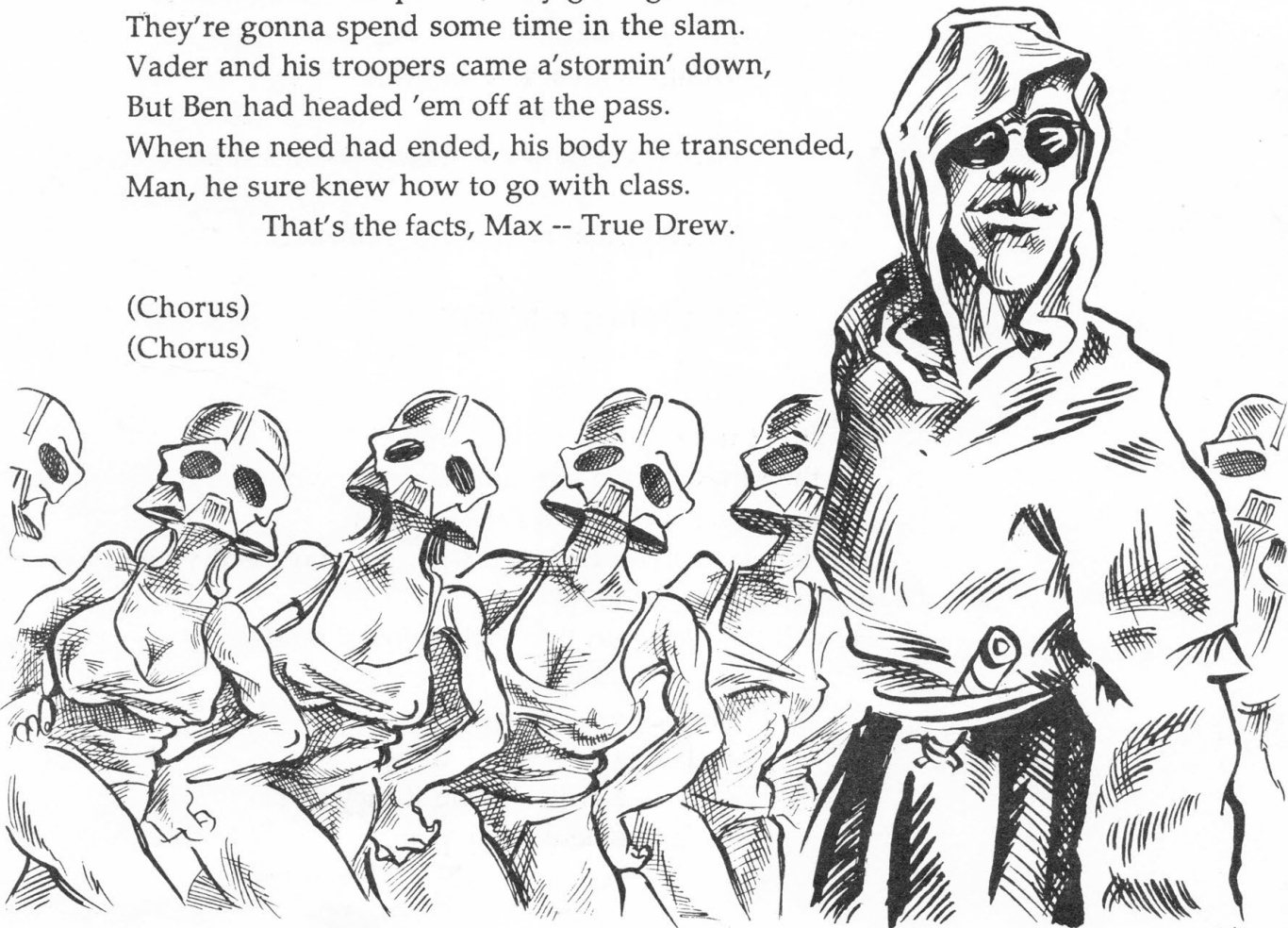
One day at the Cantina,  
 Obi-wan came strollin' in the doorway with Luke.  
 Some dummy made a crack and then tried to attack,  
 But Ben cut his ass up for the soup.  
 Everybody knows that you don't mess around  
 With a black belt Jedi Knight.  
 Anywhere there's trouble, he'll be there on the double,  
 And he's gonna set the whole thing right.  
     He's outta sight, Mike -- Fact, Jack.

(Chorus)

Later on on the Death Star,  
 Our heroes had gone and got their tails in a jam.  
 Ben shut down the power, they gotta get out now or,  
 They're gonna spend some time in the slam.  
 Vader and his troopers came a'stormin' down,  
 But Ben had headed 'em off at the pass.  
 When the need had ended, his body he transcended,  
 Man, he sure knew how to go with class.  
     That's the facts, Max -- True Drew.

(Chorus)

(Chorus)



# Don't Play Catch with a Bandersnatch

Words: Duane Elms

Music: *Never Smile At A Crocodile* from *Peter Pan*

C  
Don't play catch with a Bandersnatch,  
F C  
If you get too close to him it's down the hatch.  
C  
Don't be taken in by a Kiznti grin,  
D G  
Or you may find that you are dinner for his kin.  
C  
Don't go hand to hand with a Mersian,  
F C  
He will beat you up and bounce you on your can.

F C  
Things with scales and furs  
F C  
Are sure that we'd make fine hors-d'oeuvres,  
F C  
So you must never turn your back,  
C G C  
Or you may be a snack.

Don't get tight with a morphodite,  
For they may not be the same tomorrow night.  
Never get too keen on a Frankenstein,  
You know you just can't tell when he may need your spleen.  
If you lend an ear to a Puppeteer,  
He will talk you into things that you should fear.

Puppeteers connive  
At trying to remain alive,  
And they will use you if they can  
To implement their plan.

We can dream, but stay on the beam,  
 Things out there may not be as simple as they seem.  
 There's no master race out in outer space,  
 But there's lots out there to put us in our place.  
 If we see the light and don't get up tight,  
 When we get out there maybe we'll do it right.

But, we should all prepare,  
 For it may not be savoir-faire,  
 That lets the human race achieve,  
 When it's not make believe.

## Ghod Bless Our CPU

Words: Duane Elms

Music: *God Save the Queen*

F            Gm C  
 Ghod bless our CPU,  
 F            Gm F        Dm  
 And our peripherals too.  
 Gm F    C    F  
 Long may they run.

F  
 Keep our tapes error free,  
 C7  
 And help our new CE,  
 F  
 Install the extra memory.  
 Bb        F    C7 F  
 Don't let us go down.



# Don't Push that Button

Words and Music: Duane Elms

Inquisitata

D

A

Elms



D



G

D



A

D

Chorus: G

D



A



G

D



A

D



D

Now Fred, he was precocious. He liked to poke and pry,

A

And stick his nose in everything that moved.

His parents often warned him, "Be careful what you try,"

D

And his incautious conduct disapproved.

G

But if it had a button, a lever or a knob, just like a magnet, it attracted Fred.

D

A

D

I wish I had a nickel, a farthing or a bob, for every time his dear old mother said,

*Duane Elms: Elms at the Helm*

Chorus:

G

D

"Don't push that button! Jeezus, Fred, don't push that button! Use your head.

A

You don't know what it's hooked to, you don't know what it does.

You start that foolin' 'round and we'll be worse off than we wuz.

G

D

Don't push that button! Jeezus, Fred, don't push that button! Use your head.

A

Your luck won't last forever, as everybody knows.

D

I just hope I'm not with you when it goes."

Fred's tightwad Uncle Henry, woke up with pain one day.

An urgent triple bypass was performed.

The family went to visit, and there old Henry lay,

With medical technology adorned.

But mom went to the bathroom; the Dr. cornered dad,

And rich old Uncle Henry slipped away.

They found the will last evening, and everyone is glad

There wasn't anybody there to say,

Chorus:

It landed in the back yard, all saucer shaped and green,

And opened up and dropped it's gangway down.

Our Fred sneaked up inside it, astonished at the scene,

For buttons covered everything around.

There's pink and green and blue ones, of every shape and kind,

Including this gigantic one, bright red,

But once young Fred had pushed it, he almost lost his mind,

For this is what the flying saucer said.

*Specimen collection cycle complete. Retrieving auto-return programming.*

*Lift-off countdown initiated at lift-off minus two seconds,*

*one zero whoooooosssshhhh.*

It's been a week or two now, since we last heard from Fred,  
 And no one else has seen the boy around.  
 We dropped in Friday morning, to shake him out of bed,  
 But not a trace of Freddy could be found.  
 He wasn't in the back yard, although he left a mark,  
 This spot out back where all the grass is dead.  
 While some think it was foul play, and others just a lark,  
 I really think we've seen the last of Fred.

He pushed a button. That's our Fred. He pushed a button. Lost his head.  
 He didn't read instructions, or find out what it did.  
 He jabbed his finger down and that's why Freddie's so well hid.  
 He pushed a button! Oh my, no! He pushed a button! 'Fraid it's so.  
 His luck, it must have run out. He's in over his head.  
 I doubt that we'll see anymore of Fred.

## Intermission

Words: Duane Elms

Music: *The Irish Washerwoman*

This is the end of the side that's marked 'A'.  
 If your player reverses then just let it play,  
 If it doesn't then flip the cassette end for end,  
 Or else rewind the tape and play this side again.

# Blackhole

Words: Duane Elms

Music: *Blackbird* by Lennon & McCartney

G        Am7        G  
 Blackhole sitting in the dead of space,  
 C        A7        D7 B7        Em Cm  
 Take these broken stars as they come nigh;  
 G Bbdim Am7 Cm  
 All your life,  
 G        Gdim        Am7 D7        G C G Am7 D7 G  
 You were only waiting for some matter to come by.

Blackhole sitting in the dead of space,  
 Don't evaporate to near to me;  
 All your life,  
 You've been hiding deep in there a singularity.

F    Em    Dm C    Bb C  
 Blackhole, fly,  
 F    Em    Dm C    Bb  
 Blackhole, fly,  
 A7    D7        G        Am7 G  
 Into the heart of anomalies.

| G - - - | C A7 D7 B7 | Em - Cm - |  
 | G Gdim Am7 - Cm - | G - Gdim - Am7 D7 | G - |



## E. E.

Words: Duane Elms

Music: Henry by the New Riders of the Purple Sage

G F G  
There was a man we all grew up with, each in our own way.

G F G  
E.E. Smith wrote stories where the hero saved the day.

C G  
Space opera was a fantasy that we all understood,  
G F G  
And E.E. wrote the lines the way that only E.E. could.

D F G  
And there were blinding flashes everywhere and deafening reports,

D F G  
Coruscating energies and glib macho retorts.

G C G  
Planets smashing planets and an antimatter sphere,

C G D G  
With Lensmen on the warpath, bad guys tend to disappear.

Old E.E. wrote of Spacehounds and of brawny men and bold,  
Of monumental intellects and fearsome biting cold,  
Of Evil that for evil's sake pursued a deadly plan,  
Until the good guys caught them and wiped out the entire clan.

And there were tractor beams and pressor beams and adamantine shields,  
And rays of all description and gigantic battlefields.  
Fleets of ships so big you couldn't fit them in a sky,  
And monsters everywhere with whom we don't see eye to eye.

Well QX friends, old Doc is in that happy hunting ground,  
With all his friends and heroes out there Skylarking around.  
The Kinnisons and Seatons sit and talk about old times,  
And swap tales of adventure with the old Galaxy Primes.

And there are galaxies colliding, but we're firing on all jets.  
It looks like we're outnumbered here, and no one's taking bets.  
Titanic rods of force flare out against hard driven screens,  
The galaxy was just too small for Doc's colossal schemes.

# Ghost Puppies in the Sky

Words: Duane Elms

Music: *Ghost Riders in the Sky*

Em G  
 An ol' filksinger sat and played late one night at a con.  
 Em G  
 Most everyone had left for bed, but he played on and on,  
 Em  
 When suddenly before his eyes he saw a wild display,  
 C Em  
 Of twenty-thousand long eared pups engaged in frantic play.  
 Em G Em C Em  
 Kibble-ai-ay, Piddle-oh-no, Ghost Puppies in the Sky.

They ran and jumped and did the things that puppies always do.  
 They yipped and nipped and slobbered and they piddled on his shoe.  
 Their ears were long and floppy and their eyes were brown and sad,  
 Quite frankly, that much cuteness was about to drive him mad.  
 Kibble-ai-ay, Piddle-oh-no, Ghost Puppies in the Sky.

Then panic overtook him as they romped around the room,  
 He recognized their keepers and he heard the crack of doom.  
 They were legendary filkers some of SF's favorite sons,  
 In song he'd heard each one of them kill puppies by the ton.  
 Kibble-ai-ay, Piddle-oh-no, Ghost Puppies in the Sky.

The filkers' eyes were bloodshot and their shoes were soaked clear through.  
 For twenty-thousand puppies make a lot of puppy do.  
 And they gotta keep a movin' as they pay for all their crimes,  
 By keeping hell well covered with the Sunday New York Times.  
 Kibble-ai-ay, Piddle-oh-no, Ghost Puppies in the Sky.

Then as the vision faded he heard one call out his name.  
 "If you would like to save yourself from this infernal game,  
 Then filker, watch your lyrics or with us you'll have to stoop,  
 To paper train the Devil's hounds, and shovel puppy poop."  
 Kibble-ai-ay, Piddle-oh-no, Ghost Puppies in the Sky.  
 Ghost Puppies in the Sky.

# The Engineer

Words: Duane Elms

Music: *The Entertainer* by Billy Joel

G C Dm7 C  
 I am the engineer here, I work both long and hard,  
 C G C D  
 My efforts for the company they seem to disregard,  
 G C Dm7  
 My boss drives a Mercedes, vacations in Calais,  
 C D  
 The work I've done must have been for fun,  
 Am7 C  
 And my hard earned skill must account for nil,  
 D G  
 I can see it in my pay.

I finally got the patent, I worked on it for years,  
 But what I'm gonna get for it won't buy a glass of beer.  
 The company's got a paper that says I'm outta luck.  
 For the time I've spent I won't get a cent,  
 And my boss, the slob, says if I want my job,  
 I'll sell it for a buck.

I am the engineer here, a kind and gentle sort,  
 But the looks the girls here give me are the looks they'd give a wart.  
 You'd think they'd search for quality, but thinking that's absurd.  
 'Cause they like "I dos" but not IQs,  
 And a fresh bouquet is just passe',  
 So they treat me like a nerd.

I am the engineer here, I go out on the road.  
 I keep the salesmen selling and I keep our clients snowed.  
 I fill out my expense forms and accounting then says "Hey,  
 With this expense we take offense,  
 We're positive that you can live  
 On twenty bucks a day."

I was the engineer there, but I'm nobody's fool.  
I've got some good ideas now and I've spent my time in school.  
I've started my own company; it's solid as a rock,  
And the other guys can't believe their eyes,  
'Cause I've made a splash and I've got the cash,  
And a million shares of stock.





# For the Rim

Words and Music: Duane Elms

con Macho

The musical score is written for guitar in treble clef, key of D major (indicated by two sharps), and 2/4 time. It consists of six staves of music. Chord symbols are placed above the staff at various points: Em (first staff), B7 (second staff), Em (second staff), B7 (third staff), Em (third staff), Chorus: G (third staff), D (fourth staff), G (fifth staff), D (sixth staff), G (sixth staff), D (sixth staff), and G (sixth staff). The music features a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some measures containing beamed sixteenth notes. The piece ends with a double bar line on the sixth staff.

Em

There are empires come and gone among the stars down in the core.

Em

B7

They rise and fall, it seems, at nature's whim.

Em

And though some of them had power even we could not ignore,

Em

B7

Em

No one of them has ever touched the Rim.

But things today are different, there is evil on the rise.

The fires of conquest burn beneath the skin

Of Chakka Taal, the Warlord, self-made master of the skies,

For now it seems that Chakka wants the Rim.

Chorus:

G

For the Rim, all assemble. For the Rim, call to arms.

D

For our mothers, our lovers, and our friends.

G

For the bright light of freedom, for the lives that it warms,

D

G

For our sons, for our daughters, for the Rim!

Now this Chakka Taal was clever as he built his stellar hoard,  
His battlefleets grew terrible and grim.  
One by one the core star empires fell to Chakka's deadly sword,  
While each thrust brought him closer to the Rim.

Like a knife through rusty armor swept the Empire through the core,  
Writing out in blood our requiem.  
But we'll show that cocky bastard what it means to go to war  
With son's of men who had to tame the Rim.

Chorus:

Now there's some folks say it's hopeless, and there's some folks say we're fools,  
There's some folks say there's no way we can win.  
But there's no way that we're gonna leave our friends to face these ghouls,  
And damned if we'll let Chakka take the Rim.

For the blood of ancient heroes courses hotly through our veins,  
From the Alamo, the Gap and Profit's Stem,  
And like them we'll die for freedom if our death's the price it claims,  
And damned if we'll let Chakka take the Rim.

Chorus:

For the Rim, call to honor. For the Rim, call to arms.  
For our mothers, our lovers, and our friends.  
For the bright light of freedom, for the lives that it warms,  
For our sons, for our daughters, for the Rim!  
For our sons, for our daughters, for the Rim!

# Harcourt Fenton Mudd Meets Kimball Kinneson or, "Lensmen, we don't need no stinking Lensmen!"

Words: Duane Elms

Music: *Get out of Denver* by Bob Seeger

My name is Harcourt Fenton Mudd, but all of you can call me Harry.  
Normally, my life's a breeze, but lately it's been gettin' scary.  
Got away from Star Fleet but I ran in to this Kinneson and,  
Hangin' on his heels are 30,000 other silly Lensmen.  
If these guys don't lighten up and stop this bustin' up the place,  
I'll pack up everything I own and move on further into space.

Closin' on a planet thinkin' maybe I can do some barter,  
Movin' slowly, makin' sure I'm lookin' like another charter.  
Suddenly I'm standin' starin', eyes wide open, mouth agape,  
As two more planets squash the one I'm headed for just like a grape.  
Goddam' Lensmen everywhere, so just right now I think I'll get me,  
Out of here before I hit a ton of planetary debris.

Chorus:

Damn! Where'd all these Lensmen come from?  
Why me? I don't need Lensmen.  
Life, it's often mighty strange, but,  
My luck, I thought it maybe changed.  
I got away from Star Fleet and escaped the Federation,  
And I don't need no Lensmen,  
No damn, self righteous Lensmen.

Got away from that one and I headed for the sector market.  
Got a little job to do and it won't wait 'til after dark. It  
Seems that anything you want you find it here without a doubt.  
I've taken care of business and I'm leavin' when I hear a shout.  
"It's the Lensmen," man, these guys must think they're all the space marines,  
The suckers came in blastin' and they blew the place to smithereens.

Chorus:

Later on on Rigel, celebrating profits, feeling randy;  
 Lusty wench on one hand, in the other an expensive brandy;  
 Kinneson comes flyin' through the window with his blasters fryin'.  
 Customers and waiters hit the deck to try to keep from dyin'.  
 Scared my lady, spilled my brandy, let the bad guy get away and,  
 Busted up the greatest little bar this side of New Calais.

Chorus:

Every where I turn it seems these cowboys have got somethin' stewin'.  
 Don't you think there's maybe somethin' better that they could be doin'?  
 Every where you go you find 'em tryin' somethin' even grander.  
 Ever see 'em think about the semi-innocent bystander?  
 Seems to me these turkeys ought to use a little more finesse,  
 Cause every time they show up, man, they leave the place a friggin' mess.

Chorus:



Al Hirschfeld



# Homicidal

Words: Duane Elms

Music: Lizzie Borden

C

Yesterday, down in the center, Sue the operator died,

G

And they got the 780 on a charge of Sue-icide.

C

F

Service says it didn't do it, but we all know something did,

G

C

And the sucker might of walked if it had got the body hid,

F

C

But you can't do your sys-op in in Palo Alto,

G

Not even if she's not a Stanford grad.

F

C

No you can't do your sys-op in in Palo Alto.

G

C

That sort of thing just makes the users mad.

Well, it got her at the reader where she'd gone to clear a jam,

Now it loops forever, printing out "I think therefore I am."

When she pushed the OFF-LINE button, so the back-up tape admits,

It fired up the laser printer and it hacked her into bits.

(Well, it seems only fair, after all, she'd been hacking on it  
for years.)

Oh, you can't chop your sys-op up in Santa Clara,

Not even if the PMs two months late.

No you can't chop your sys-op up in Santa Clara,

Even sys-ops don't deserve that kind of fate.

Now the problem's not the memory, and the problem's not the plug,  
 And the problem's not the program, though it has this little bug.  
 After service replaced everything, with not one module missed,  
 They said, "The damned thing's haunted," and they called the exorcist.

(It is commonly believed that the approved computer service  
 method for fixing a flat tire is to start with the wheel nearest  
 the spare and change them until you get the right one.)

'Cause you can't do your sys-op in in Cupertino,  
 Not even if she worked for IBM.  
 No you can't do your sys-op in in Cupertino,  
 You know we just ain't got enough of them.

A job was quickly loaded that would give the demon fits,  
 'Twas an operating system bomb that blew the fiend to bits.  
 Unfortunately, that's not the end of this calamity,  
 Each bit of demon found a home inside someone's PC.

(Don't tell me you haven't noticed?)

Oh you can't chop your sys-op up in California,  
 Not even if the coders will assist.  
 No you can't chop your sys-op up in California,  
 A month or two, she'll certainly be missed

## Pi Are Square

Words: Duane Elms

Music: *The Irish Washerwoman*

3 point 1 4 1 5 9 2 6 5 3 5 8 9  
 7 9 3 2 3 8 4 6 2 6 4  
 3 3 8 3 2 7 9 5 0 2 8  
 8 4 1 9 7 1 6 9 3

9 9 3 7 5 1 0 5 8 2 0  
 9 7 4 9 4 4 5 9 2 3 0  
 7 8 1 6 4 0 6 2 8 6 2  
 0 8 9 9 8 6 2 8 0 3



Thence she went with hopes held high,  
Until the river horses she came nigh.

There a young swain she did view,  
And he was struck with passion true.

His hair was thick, he weighed a ton -  
He was a hippopotamuses son.

He leaped the moat with ardorous haste,  
And siezed her near what might have been her waist.

He dragged her boldly to his pond,  
By now he knows if she was really blond.

So lazy maids if you'd be kissed,  
You should not get the god of lovers pissed.





## Late Night at the Draco Tavern

Words and Music: Duane Elms

Xenophilically

C7

Chorus: Late night at the Draco Tavern,  
F7  
Late night at the Draco Tavern,  
C7  
Late night at the Draco Tavern,  
F7  
Late night at the Draco Tavern,  
B7            B6 B   B7            B6   B  
Man, you never know just what might  
F            E            Eb   D7  
Walk in through that door.  
G   A   Bb   B C   Bb A   G F            F  
One more drink before I hit the road.

Chirps that sit and chat with the host,  
Gligs that think you might make a roast,  
Vollek merchants with some barter,  
Folk that just returned from slaughter,  
Noises that you can't believe were  
Made by something live.  
One more drink before I hit the road.

Chrome bugs sitting on the tables,  
Things you'd only meet in fables,  
Tall and short and bald and furry,  
Things that hop and things that scurry,  
Sitting here's like watching all the  
Old Star Wars reruns.  
One more drink before I hit the road.

## Duane Elms: Elms at the Helm

## Chorus:

Rosy fin and Qarashteel talk,  
 Zenophiles come in here to gawk,  
 Careful that you don't offend her,  
 You can't always tell their gender.  
 Stranger conversations won't be  
 Found outside that door.  
 One more drink before I hit the road.

Ammonia and yellow smoke paste,  
 Vodka consumme made to taste,  
 Sparkers, milk and cyanite and  
 Something called green Kryptonite,  
 With all that stuff behind the bar  
 I hope there's no mistake.  
 One more drink before I hit the road.

## Instrumental Break:

No one know what will come in next,  
 Things like turtles, things like insects,  
 Stranger beings we may get, but,  
 None of us has seen them yet.  
 If I could stand up I just might  
 Head out toward the door.  
 Hell, one more drink before I hit the road.  
 Hell, one more drink before I hit the road.



Duane Elms: Elms at the Helm

# Listmakers

Words: Duane Elms

Music: No Quarter by Juanita Coulson

Am G Am  
 "Make a list, Make a list," said the sly lazy filker,  
 Am G E  
 "And then write a verse for each thing on the list.  
 Dm Am Dm Am  
 When I'm in the spotlight I'll sing for a fortnight,  
 Am G Am  
 Who cares if it gets all the rest of them pissed."

Am G  
 And that's what you get when the filk songs are written,  
 Am G Am  
 By folks that get all of their thoughts from TV.  
 Dm Am Dm Am  
 The Blakies, the Whoovers, the Trekkies, the couch spuds --  
 E  
 Should do better.  
 Am G  
 But still they'll throw in every credit they see:  
 Am G Am G  
 The bridge crew, the guest stars, the writer's apprentice,  
 Am G Am G  
 The key grip, the best boy, the script girl, her dentist.  
 Am G Am  
 If you don't fall asleep you will be bored to tears.

Blake's seven, Blake's seven, thank ghod it's just seven.  
 Though chance for a respite still seems mighty bleak.  
 Let's hope they don't add in the tea lady's stand-in,  
 Or verses will go on 'til Thursday next week.

The Doctors, the Doctors, one verse for each Doctor,  
 A verse for each villain and each episode,  
 A verse to explain it, two more to disclaim it,  
 They started in June and went on 'til it snowed.

And Star Trek, oh Star Trek, ghod save us from star drek,  
 Three seasons, four movies and now a reprise.  
 No reason to quibble, a verse for each tribble  
 Does not seem excessive to talents like these.

But that's what you get when the filk songs are written,  
 By folks that don't seem to be able to read.  
 The Blakies, the Whoovers, the Trekkies, the couch spuds --  
 Won't learn better.  
 Each con they'll bring more lists to this melody:  
 The bridge crew, the guest stars, the writer's apprentice,  
 The key grip, the best boy, the script girl, her dentist.  
 The shuttle, it's captain, the hero's religion,  
 The yeoman, the weapons, the con-man, his pigeon,  
 The prequel, the sequel and everything in it,  
 The President's cabinet and all of the Senate.  
 Mudd's wives, all five hundred, the Tardis, Jo's legs,  
 Each Dalek, the Horta and each of her eggs.  
 If you don't fall asleep you will be bored to tears.





# Eighth of May

Words: Duane Elms

Music: *Teddy Bear's Picnic* by John W. Bratton

C#m Ab C#m Ab C#m Ab C#m  
 If you go out on the Eighth of May, prepare for a big surprise,  
 E B7 E B7 E B7 E  
 Hooray, hooray for the Eighth of May, you'll never believe your eyes.  
 A B7 E  
 Tradition dictates, so they all say, that outdoor intercourse starts today.  
 A E A E B7 E  
 Be careful where you step if you're on a picnic.

If you go out on the Eighth of May, be sure not to go alone.  
 Fooling around on the Eighth of May is better than staying home.  
 Reserve your spot out in the park,  
 Ignore the doggies if they bark.  
 If asked you can pretend that you're on a picnic.

E  
 Screwing in the open air,  
 B7  
 It's lots of fun out there, but difficult in the winter time.  
 B7  
 That is, unless, of course,  
 E  
 You don't reside up North, but live in a sunny clime.  
 E  
 Grass stains upon you knees,  
 A  
 Or anywhere you please will give you away for sure.  
 A  
 Don't try to hide that foolish grin,  
 E  
 'Cause none of us are taken in,  
 A E B7 E  
 We know damn well you're not that bloody pure.

If you go out on the Eighth of May, leave Granny and Sis behind.  
The things they'll see on the Eighth of May will startle a prudish mind.  
The floor show's bound to be top-notch,  
For those of you who like to watch.  
Oh, what a day it is to go on a picnic.



# Madame Curie's Hands

Words: Duane Elms

Music: *Leader of the Band* by Dan Fogelberg

| G7 - | - - | C - | - | Am - | Em - | D - |  
| G C/G | G C/G | G C/G | G - |

G C/G G Bm C  
A young and headstrong lady, was Madame Marie Curie,  
Am Em Am C D  
And radiation was the field she studied selflessly.

G C/G G Bm C  
She didn't know the dangers, as she worked long nights alone,  
Am Em Am D7 G C/G G C/G G C/G G  
And spent her health to open up the secrets of the stone.

Now nature has no honor and the gamma ray no soul,  
They cut her hands to pieces as she labored toward her goal.  
The skin was marked and blistered and the joints were stiff and sore,  
And pain was something that she barely managed to ignore.

C Bm C G  
The lady never faltered as our ignorance gave ground  
Am Em Am F D  
And never thought about herself as knowledge there she found.  
C Bm C G  
If you would wish to know the cost the search for truth demands,  
Am Em Am D G C/G G C/G G C/G G  
You only have to take a look at Madame Curie's hands.

A desperate muse she followed when she tracked the gamma glow,  
Driven not by thought of gain, but an urgent need to know.  
Her life was not a long one, though she served her master well.  
Leukemia was her reward, along with two Nobels.

| G7 - | - - | C - | - | Am - | Em - | D - |  
| G C/G | G C/G | G C/G | G - |

So many souls have followed in the path the lady led,  
 And some returned with victory while others came back dead.  
 The ones who rode the shuttle and the ones who never flew,  
 Each paid the price with honor for the knowledge we pursue.

So thanks to all who travel down this long and deadly road,  
 And thanks to all who take the risks and carry mankind's load.  
 The way is never easy and there are no promised lands,  
 For those who make the sacrifice of Madame Curie's hands.  
 For those who choose the sacrifice of Madame Curie's hands.

| G C/G | G C/G | G C/G | G - |

| G7 - | - - | C - | - | m - | Em - | D - | G - |



Duane Elms: Elms at the Helm

AH 8/1



# The Milky Way

Words: Duane Elms

Music: *The Southern Cross* by Stephen Stills

A                      G                      D  
A billet on the ship was hard to come by.

A                      G                      D    A  
A new design draws the best of the breed.

A                      G                      D  
We were headed out for shakedown and a long haul,

A                      G                      D    A  
That would let us test at maximum speed.

There is work to do before we make transition.  
The whole ship must be scrutinized, checked with a fine tooth comb.  
Everyone of us has heard about the last try,  
And of the thirty men aboard her that haven't made it home.

G                      D                      G                      A  
Think about how many men drift in silence,  
G                      D                      G                      A  
Never to find refuge, never to see loved ones,  
G                      D                      G                      A  
If through fate we join them, will our lives serve a purpose?

[illegible]

	A	G	D
Yes, you know we will,			
	A	G	D
Yes, you know we will			

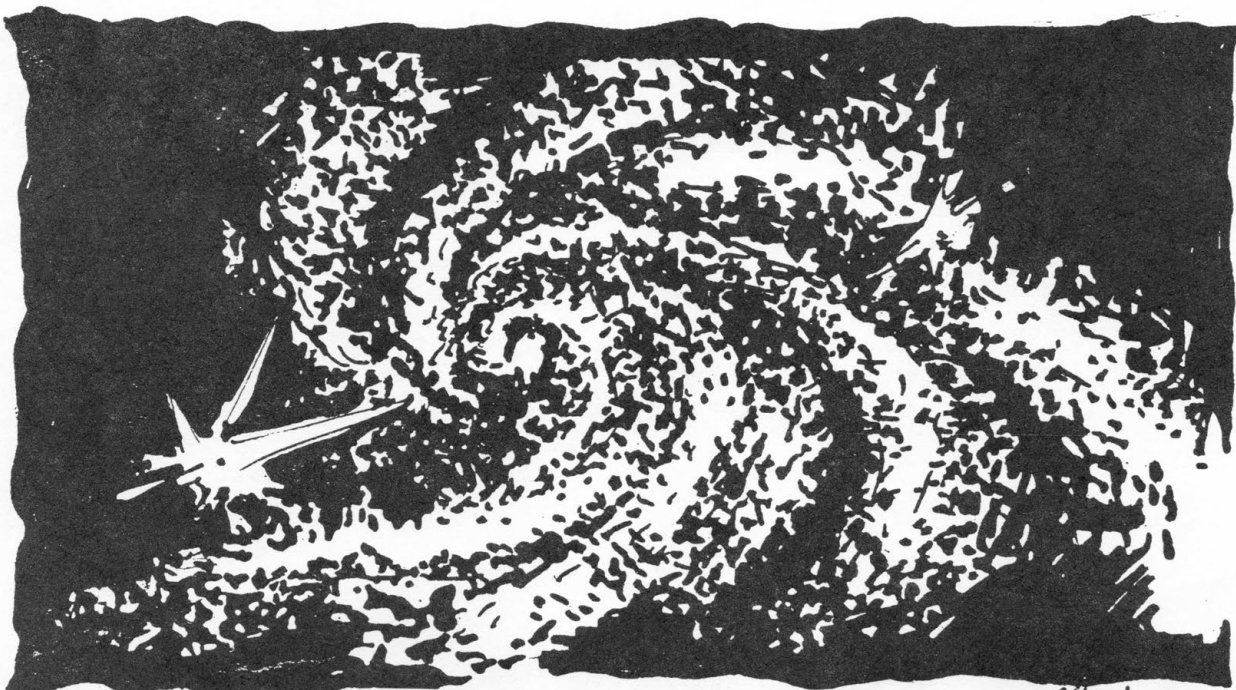
When the board is clear and only green is showing,  
 And you know the men have done all that they can,  
 Transitions clock's at T less five and counting,  
 And through your mind runs a question, the query of a frightened man,  
 Is it worth the cost?

The ship should make the jump with no sensation.  
 The years shrink into seconds, transition's underway.  
 A hundred thousand light years give or take some,  
 And every crewman knows how easily it is to go astray.

Think about how many men drift in silence,  
 Never to find refuge, never to see loved ones,  
 If through fate we join them, will our lives serve a purpose?

I will search for answers in the stars.  
 Will we push ourselves that far,  
 Our destinies to fulfill?  
 Yes, you know we will,  
 Yes, you know we will.

When you reach the small Magellan for the first time,  
 And you turn you head and look back on the Milky Way,  
 The wonder of that sight will never leave you,  
 And your pride in man's accomplishment will never ever go away.  
 Yes, we are men.



Duane Elms: Elms at the Helm

A/89'

# Paradise Lost

## or, The Death and Transfiguration of Joe Mundane

Words: Duane Elms

Music: *Comedy Tonight* by Stephen Sondheim

G            C D  
 What's going on here?  
 G            C D  
 Who are these weirdos?  
 G            A m            F            D  
 What have I stepped into? Insanity tonight!  
 G            C D  
 Seventh dimension  
 G            C D  
 Fruitcake convention,  
 G            A m            F            D  
 This is a loony bin! Insanity tonight!  
 G            D7        B  
 Still I see smiles, still I see grins,  
 F                    A m            C  
 Everyone acts like they're closest friends.  
 G            C D  
 Maybe it's something  
 G            C D  
 I should check into.  
 G            A m                    Cm7  
 Who's to say what's wrong and what's right?  
 D                    D7        G  
 Mundanity tomorrow, Insanity tonight!

I think they're having  
 Glorious fun here,  
 Though it still looks like it's insanity tonight!  
 Maybe I'll listen,  
 Just for a moment,  
 Although it sounds like it's insanity tonight!  
 Tully and 'ose, neos and bheer,  
 What a strange language they're using here.  
 Maybe I'll sit and  
 Watch a bit longer.  
 This group is certainly a sight.  
 Mundanity tomorrow, insanity tonight!

Poisoning pigeons,  
 Old time religions,  
 Charge of the light brigade, insanity tonight!  
 No one rehearses,  
 Eighty-five verses,  
 Two hundred new kazoos, insanity tonight!  
 Terrible puns, boy was that cheap.  
 I could write better stuff in my sleep.  
 Hey, everybody!  
 Isn't it my turn?  
 I should stop being so polite.  
 Mundanity tomorrow, ..... Insanity tonight!

## Six Little Aliens

Tune: *Ten Little Indians*

One little, two little frozen aliens,  
 Three little, four little frozen aliens,  
 Five little, six little frozen aliens,  
 Down in hanger eighteen.

One little, two little flying saucers,  
 Three little, four little flying saucers,  
 Five little, six little flying saucers,  
 Down in hanger eighteen.

*Duane Elms: Elms at the Helm*



# Paradoxes

Words: Duane Elms

Music: *Little Boxes* by Malvina Reynolds

Paradoxes, in the logic,  
Make your brain feel like it's ticky-tacky.  
Paradoxes, in the logic,  
Really give my head a pain.  
There are real ones, there are fake ones,  
There are dumb ones, there are clever ones,  
And they all give me a headache in the middle of my brain.

For the arrows never get there,  
And the rabbit never catches up,  
And there's tons of more examples,  
Each one not quite understood.  
Like the set of all the sets that  
Somehow do not contain themselves.  
If it does well, then it isn't, if it doesn't, then it should.

And there's Fermi's which says. "Gee, I  
Really think there should be aliens,  
But because they haven't shown up,  
Seems to prove they don't exist.  
But then we do, so where are they?"  
And around and around and round it goes.  
Frankly, if they think like we do then I doubt they will be missed.

Martin Gardner writes about them  
And he makes us feel like idiots,  
For they all seem, oh so simple,  
When they're written out so clear.  
But it seems there might be some things  
That man just wasn't meant to know.  
Never mind, it's too confusing, so I think I'll have a bheer.



# Science Fiction in the Golden Age

Words: Duane Elms

Music: *R-O-C-K in the USA* by John Cougar Mellenkamp

E        A                D        A  
 Chorus: Science Fiction in the Golden Age,  
 E        A                D        A  
 Science Fiction in the Golden Age,  
 E        A                D        A        B  
 Science Fiction in the Golden Age, oh yeah.  
 A                        E        A        D  
 SF in the Golden Age.

E        A                D        A        E        A D A  
 Time was when there wasn't any Science Fiction.  
 E        A        D                        A        E        A D A  
 No one wrote of what could be or might have been.  
 E        A        D                        A  
 No one wrote of colonies on Mars,  
 E        A        D                        A  
 No one wrote of travel to the stars,  
 E        A        D                        A        B  
 No one wrote of Vegans on a wild rampage,  
 A                        E        A        D  
 Back before the Golden Age.

Then from under rocks and out of cracks they crawled.  
 Filling up the pulps with stories that they scrawled.  
 Creatures definitely alien,  
 Relays clacking with a mighty din,  
 Scientific errors littered every page,  
 SF in the Golden Age.

Chorus:

Sometimes still I miss the simple presentation.  
 Back then everything you did was fresh and new.  
     John Campbell, 'Doc' Smith, and Fred Pohl,  
     They were writin'.  
     Leigh Brackett, Van Vogt, and Hal Clement,  
     They were writin'.  
 Not a one of them could make a living wage.  
 Writin' in the Golden Age.

Chorus:

These folks blazed the trails of our imaginations.  
 Pioneers outlive their critics, so it seems.  
     Tom Godwin, Fred Hoyle, and Bob Heinlein,  
     They were writin'.  
     Beam Piper, Stanley Weinbaum, Ray Cummings,  
     They were writin'.  
 Didn't wind up trapped in the commercial cage.  
 Writin' in the Golden Age.

Chorus:

## Old Time Religion Verses

Words: Duane Elms

Music: *Old Time Religion*

Apep shall remain as my ghod,  
 Crocodilian green bipod.  
 He was good enough for Izod,  
 And he's good enough for me.

Leda looking for her rooster,  
 Found a swan who then seduced her.  
 You might even say he Zeused her,  
 But not in mixed company.

We have all read Nostradamus.  
 Now his future is upon us,  
 Don't you be a doubting Thomas,  
 'Cause it's good enough for me.

*Duane Elms: Elms at the Helm*



# The Spacer

Words: Duane Elms

Music: *The Gambler* by Kenny Rogers

E  
I had signed on to a freighter,  
A E  
A merchant bound for Spica.  
EA E  
I don't know why I left her,  
E B  
But I had to get away.

E  
We lifted off from East Port,  
A E  
And boosted to transition.  
A E  
I felt a twinge while goin' through,  
B E  
But that was yesterday.

Now I'm sittin' in the mess hall,  
Mindin' my own business,  
When up walks this old spacer,  
And sits down next to me.

His eyes they looked like black holes.  
His stare it went right through me.  
"If it's stars that you would travel son,  
Take this advice from me.

E  
 Chorus: "You got to know you're a part of,  
 A E  
 Every living creature,  
 A E  
 Everything that walks or crawls,  
 E B  
 Hops or runs or flies.  
 E  
 You got to be a brother,  
 A E  
 No matter where you wander.  
 A E  
 Space is such a lonely place,  
 B E  
 With no one by your side."

The words they cut right through me,  
 A poignant admonition,  
 They set my mind adrift there,  
 As I thought back on my life.

On all the things I'd screwed up,  
 On hearts that I had broken,  
 The girls I'd left behind me,  
 My two daughters and my wife.

Chorus:

I finally looked up slowly,  
 His counsel to acknowledge,  
 The may was gone, I never saw  
 Or heard from him again.

At night I sometimes wonder,  
 If he was just illusion,  
 But then his words come back and,  
 He's as real as any man.

Chorus:

Chorus:

# Startide Rising

Words and Music: Duane Elms

Porpoisefully

Am Chorus: C

Am C Am Verse: 3

C Am

C Am C

E Am (last time through)

C Am C

Am C Am 6

Am  
Chorus: There's a Startide Rising,  
C  
Sweeping through galactic skies,  
Am  
As Man Clan wolflings  
C E Am |:Am - - - :|(3)  
Prepare for all a grand surprise.

A m  
 Our Clan it had no patron,  
 C  
 We owe our lives to none.  
 A m  
 Though some may try the easy way,  
 C  
 Our knowledge is hard won,  
 A m  
 And though we're young and eager  
 C  
 Our way is the one we'll go  
 E  
 Our history's taught us many things  
 E  
 A client race won't know.

E  
 Chorus: (And.....

We harbor malice toward no one  
 Though we protect our own,  
 For young or not we know the risk  
 Of going it alone.  
 But if you try to bind our clan,  
 Remember what you've seen,  
 That wolfling is as wolfling does,  
 Beware, our fangs are keen.

Chorus: (And.....

Together all kinds work to build  
 Our interstellar Clan,  
 The brotherhood and partnership  
 Of Dolphin, Chimp and Man.  
 We forge a path to raise ourselves  
 From others low esteem,  
 And take our hard earned rightful place  
 Beyond the Great Whale Dream.

Yes, there's a Startide Rising,  
 Fate and justice with us ride.  
 Man Clan wolflings,  
 All Earth's children unified.  
 Startide Rising,  
 Man Clan Brothers strive until  
 With Startide Rising,  
 Earthkind destinies fulfill.



4/8



# Spacer's Home

Words and Music: Duane Elms

Fermentata

The musical score is written on five staves in treble clef, key of A major (three sharps), and 2/4 time. The tempo is marked 'Fermentata'. The notes are as follows:

- Staff 1: Chord A, quarter rest, eighth notes A4, B4, eighth notes A4, G4, quarter note F#4, eighth notes E4, D4, quarter note C#4.
- Staff 2: eighth notes B4, A4, eighth notes G4, F#4, quarter note E4, eighth notes D4, C#4, quarter note B4.
- Staff 3: eighth notes A4, G4, eighth notes F#4, E4, quarter note D4, eighth notes C#4, B4, quarter note A4.
- Staff 4: eighth notes G4, F#4, eighth notes E4, D4, quarter note C#4, eighth notes B4, A4, quarter note G4.
- Staff 5: eighth notes F#4, E4, eighth notes D4, C#4, quarter note B4, eighth notes A4, G4, quarter note F#4.

Chords are indicated above the staves: A (Staff 1), D (Staff 1), E (Staff 1), A (Staff 2), D (Staff 2), E (Staff 3), A (Staff 3), Chorus (Staff 3), D (Staff 3), A (Staff 4), E (Staff 4), A (Staff 4), D (Staff 5), A (Staff 5), E (Staff 5), A (Staff 5).

A D  
Space is long and dark and empty, quite a ways 'tween friend and friend,  
E

And you never know nobody when you're journey's at an end.

A D  
So the place you're gonna find me 'tween the times I have to roam's  
E A

In the bar around the corner where they make you feel at home.

A D A  
Belly up to the bar friend, have another round.

A E  
It's long, cold, and lonely 'tween the times we hit the ground.

A D A  
One day I'm gonna settle down, never more to roam,

A E A  
But for now the bar's the spacer's home so far away from home.

Spaceport bars is common places. Here you'll find the common men.  
 Some is rough as three day whiskers, some is quiet as hidden sin,  
 Some is deadly as an adder, some is dumber than a stone,  
 And when they're not chasin' stardust they make spaceport bars their home.

Out on Mars, the Winking Lizard lies just left beyond the gate.  
 Lady Stella does the pourin' and you never have to wait,  
 For the rum that burns your gizzard and incinerates your brain,  
 And you'll hear the tales of Mars before the city slickers came.

You know Pallas III ain't nothin', but the Jammer's worth the trip,  
 Though you better not cross Charlie or you'll get a busted lip.  
 But the folks there like their singin' and their jokin' and their brew,  
 And you'll think you've gone to glory 'fore the evenin's halfway through.

You've a friend at Binky's waitin' when you drop on Heaven's Rim,  
 Where they free-pour Irish whisky and they let you tell 'em when.  
 That's where Angel watches over you and when you've had enough,  
 There's a space back in the corner where he'll let you sleep it off,

There's the Lone Star on New Texas where the chili's pipin' hot,  
 And the Unicorn on Eros where the brandy hits the spot,  
 And there's Duck's on Altair Seven and there's Donna's on New Rome,  
 And there's not one man among us who's ashamed to call 'em home.



AH 89'

# They Call this World Medea

Words: Duane Elms

Music: *They Call The Wind Mariah* by Richard Rogers

F  
Some time ago in old LA,  
F  
To us a strange and far land,  
F  
A writer taught  
F  
An SF class.  
Dm Am Gm7 C7 F  
That writer's name was Harlan.

F  
Now Harlan gathered folks around  
F  
To help hatch his idea.  
Dm  
The old pros gave  
Am  
A new world birth.  
Bbmaj7 C7 F  
They called the world Medea.

Dm  
Medea,  
Am  
Medea,  
Bbmaj7 C7 F  
They called the world Medea.

Medea's got a lot of strange  
 Exotic types of fauna;  
 One side's cold,  
 The other side's  
 Like living in a sauna.

There's not much light. It's just as well.  
 It isn't very pretty.  
 It's obvious  
 It must have been  
 Designed by a committee.

Committee,  
 Committee,  
 Designed by a committee.

The creatures you'll encounter here,  
 Will treat you like a sinner.  
 The thing you find  
 Around the bend,  
 Just might think you are dinner.

Medea ain't the kind of place  
 You'd like to take your darlin'.  
 Remember, its  
 Intention's to  
 Make lots of bucks for Harlan.

For Harlan,  
 For Harlan,  
 Make lots of bucks for Harlan.



# <sup>72</sup> They Just Don't Write 'em Like that Anymore

Words: Duane Elms

Music: *They Just Don't Write 'em Like That Anymore* by

Greg Kihn

Intro: |:Am - - - | F - - - | G - - - | Am - - - :|(2)

Am F  
They had blasted off from Earth not an hour before,  
G Am  
When a strange blip showed on the screen.

Am F  
An alien vessel of unusual design  
G Am  
Caught the ship in a tractor beam.

Am F  
The valiant young captain put them into a spin,  
G Am  
Broke the beam and then turned to attack.

Am F  
They captured the alien with nobody lost,  
G Am G F  
And all of its data intact.

F C G G F#  
Chorus: They just don't write 'em like that anymore.  
F C G G7  
They just don't write 'em like that anymore.

They had landed on the planet and had tested the air,  
When the natives all gathered around.  
There was the strangest sensation they had been there before,  
When first they set foot on the ground.  
The natives rejoiced and through telepathy taught  
That all destinies intertwined,  
And that grateful they were that her sons had returned  
To the mother planet of all Mankind.

Chorus:

The scout ship had crashed into a wilderness deep,  
Where no man had set foot before.  
The pilot survived, gathered up his supplies,  
And off through the bushes he tore.  
An alien creature that he met on the way  
Shared his trek back to his own kind,  
And their mutual respect led to a treaty of peace  
That both he and the alien signed.

Chorus:

Chorus:



# Threes, Rev. 1.1

Words: Duane Elms

Music: Threes by Leslie Fish

Em D Em B Em D Em  
 Deep in engineering down where mortals seldom go,  
 Em G Em B  
 A manager and customer come looking for a show.  
 Em D Em B Em  
 They pass amused among us, and they sign in on the log.  
 Em B A G Em  
 They've come to see our pony and they've come to see our dog.

G D Em  
 Three things you should be wary of,  
 G D B  
 A new kid in his prime,  
 Em G  
 A man with all the answers,  
 Em D Em  
 And a code that runs first time.

Summoned from our cubicles to conference room we go.  
 We bring our dog and pony for we know they'll want a show.  
 Watching as we enter with a shifty restless eye,  
 The customer sits waiting in his pinstripe suit and tie.

Three things never trust in,  
 That's the vendor's final bill,  
 The promises your boss makes,  
 And the customer's good will.

The pony kicks his heels up as the doggie does his trick,  
 And hands are waved with vigor as we lay it on real thick.  
 The customer just watches as we do this song and dance,  
 Then reaches for his briefcase, only giving us a glance.

Three things see no end,  
 A loop with exit code done wrong,  
 A semaphore untested,  
 And the change that comes along.

From briefcase then there comes a list of things we must revise,  
 And all but four within the room are taken by surprise,  
 And all but four are thinking of their last job with remorse;  
 The customer, the manager, the doggie, and the horse.

Three things hold no secret;  
 Files that somehow hit the net,  
 Your boss's secretary,  
 And the third thing I forget.

First twenty-one new features that somehow we must add in.  
 Then thirty-seven changes show up, much to our chagrin,  
 And this thing's just inadequate, and that one's just plain wrong,  
 And by the way, your schedule is about three months too long.

Three things it is better far that  
 Only you should know,  
 How much you're paid, the schedule pad,  
 And what is just for show.

The customer proceeds to go through each change line by line.  
 Excruciating detail which no logic can divine.  
 When it ends there's only four not sitting there agog;  
 The customer, the manager, the pony and the dog.

Three things never anger,  
 First the one who runs your deck,  
 The one who does the back-up,  
 And the one who signs the check.

Now we are contract software types who spend our days and nights,  
 Embedded in the system down with all the bits and bytes,  
 And none but us can tell full well the damage done today.  
 It's what they do not know for which they're gonna have to pay.

Three things are most perilous,  
 Connectors that corrode,  
 Unproven algorithms,  
 And self modifying code.

The manager and customer are quick to leave this bunch,  
 They take the dog and pony and they all go out to lunch.  
 Now how will we revenge ourselves on those who raise our ire?  
 Write code that self destructs the day the warranties expire.

Three things trust above all else;  
 Your knowledge of your craft,  
 That someone makes a profit,  
 And that you will get the shaft.



# Too Late

Words and Music: Duane Elms

Diminuendo



G                      A                      D  
I've heard the Old Ones tell of how it once was.  
G                      A                      D                      A                      Bm  
I've heard the tales their fathers heard from fathers long before,  
G                      A                      D                      A                      Bm  
Of times when man reached out his hand and almost touched the stars,  
G                      A                      D  
But I guess it doesn't matter anymore.

The tales of giant sky ships in the Southlands,  
Of thunder rolling down the Cape, a mighty awesome roar,  
Of men who tried and men who died and men who turned away,  
But I guess it doesn't matter anymore.

They tell of how we failed the final challenge,  
And how we turned our backs on those with courage to explore.  
Expedience became the shameful legacy of man,  
But I guess it doesn't matter anymore.

For man it seems is past his final glory,  
And Earth will be his resting place for now and ever more.  
We know that Man can never be more than he is right now,  
But I guess it doesn't matter anymore.

Sometimes I wish I could go back and tell them,  
To pay the price; that man should not be stranded on this shore;  
The future's for the taking; god! don't fail your children now.  
But I guess it doesn't matter anymore.

I watch the moon come up across the tree tops.  
I hear the gentle closing of a door,  
Much like the chance to touch the stars we lost so long ago,  
But I guess it doesn't matter anymore.  
No I guess it doesn't matter anymore.



A/H 89

# Going Home

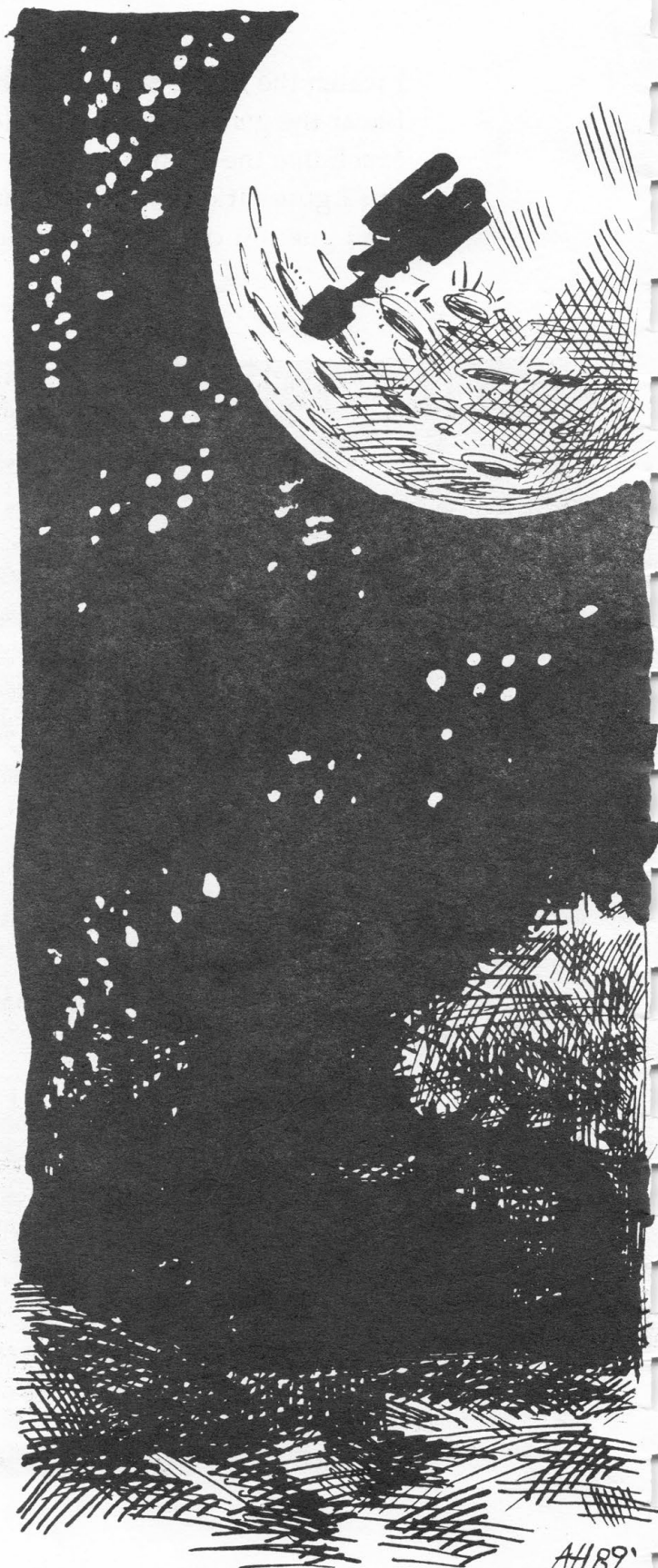
Words: Duane Elms Music: *For Emily, Wherever I May Find Her*  
by Paul Simon

C  
As the ship sped on,  
F  
Through infinity,  
C  
Wreathed in rainbow hues  
Bb  
Of relativity,  
F G  
Against the ebon night,

There at the forward port where  
First hint of violet light  
Blurs the spectrums edge,  
The stars slip into sight  
From heaven's sable dome,

And as I watched the stars  
Drift slowly to crimson rest,  
I felt a tranquil glow  
Build quietly in my breast,  
A soft serenity.

For, as the ship now slows,  
Our bracelet grows to fill the sky,  
And straight ahead there lies  
My dream of days gone by,  
A golden glowing light.  
Bb F C  
I'm going home.





# Murphy's Law Verses

Words: Duane Elms

Music: *My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean*

## Christmas Shopping Rule:

G C G  
 When shopping for something quite nifty,  
 G D7  
 This maxim should help you survive.  
 G C G  
 If ads say it costs less than fifty,  
 C D7 G  
 You know it's not nine ninety-five.

## Sattinger's Law:

Though gadgets come sometimes with new quirks,  
 Quite often much to your chagrin,  
 You'll find that most everything new works,  
 Lots better if you plug it in.

## Hull's Warning:

Though rivers invite relaxation,  
 A 'gator still values his pride.  
 Indulge not in gross insultation,  
 Till you're quite safe on the far side.

## Cohen's Choice:

Uncertainty's ramifications,  
 Aren't valid the realist yells.  
 I state without equivocation,  
 If you're not here you're somewhere else.



# We're the Dorsai

Words: Duane Elms

Music: *In the Navy* by the Village People

Em

If you want to capture, all the things you're after,

Em

G

Planets, moons and asteroids.

Am

G

Then you need some strong guys, not a bunch of small fry,

Am

B

To invade your planetoids.

Em

If it's guarding princes, setting up defenses,

Em

G

Capturing strategic hills,

Am

G

We're the guys to yell for, we will go to Hell for,

Am

B

You if you will pay our bills.

E

We're the Dorsai, we're what it means to be a man.

F#m7

B7

We're the Dorsai, make sure you don't offend our clan.

F#m7

B7

We're the Dorsai, we'll be there when it hits the fan.

E

We're the Dorsai, we'll win it any way we can.

E

We're the Dorsai, and we can beat up who we please.

F#m7

B7

We're the Dorsai, we make you all feel ill at ease.

F#m7

B7

We're the Dorsai, make sure you don't forget our fees.

E

We're the Dorsai, we're the Dorsai.

If a quick invasion, fits in your equation,  
 We're the boys to pull it off.  
 We're in good condition, it there's a suspicion,  
 Have us turn our heads and cough.  
 You'll find us quite ready, rough and tough and steady,  
 Fighters to the very end.  
 If you've got some trouble, call us on the double,  
 For a price we'll be your friend.

We're the Dorsai, all lesser folk should step aside.  
 We're the Dorsai, we've fought to earn our family pride.  
 We're the Dorsai, our reputation's bona fide.  
 We're the Dorsai, you better all go run and hide.  
 We're the Dorsai, we fight all day and drink all night.  
 We're the Dorsai, where there's a wrong we'll make it right.  
 We're the Dorsai, just don't expect a shining knight.  
 We're the Dorsai, we're the Dorsai.

When we've finished fighting, wronging rights or righting  
 Wrongs depending on our charge,  
 You will find that you've got, lots of horny red hot,  
 Blooded men in town at large.  
 We'll drink all your liquor, quarrel, feud and bicker,  
 Put your women all to rout.  
 All of this designed to, put you in a mind to,  
 Pay us off and ship us out.

We're the Dorsai, some people ask us if we're hoods.  
 We're the Dorsai, do all the bears go in the woods?  
 We're the Dorsai, just keep an eye on all your goods.  
 We're the Dorsai, we're the Dorsai.  
 We're the Dorsai, and man that's good enough for me.  
 We're the Dorsai, we know there's always going to be  
 Just one more try, but that's the way we choose to be.  
 We're the Dorsai, we're the Dorsai.

# We're Goin' Back

Words and Music: Duane Elms

Selenely Am E Elms

Am Dm Am E Am 1.

2. Dm Am Dm E

Dm Am E Am

Am  
It was late in Sixty-nine,  
Am  
When we landed that first time.  
Am E  
Man, I still remember how it felt to see it.  
Am  
And it wasn't that long then,  
Dm  
We were on the moon again,  
Am E Am  
And you could feel yourself beginning to believe it.

Then once more and then again  
We pushed out the reach of man.  
Each time up another set of hero's footprints.  
But those short trips were all we made,  
Somehow our dream it got waylaid,  
And not a person, live or dead has been up there since.

Dm Am  
 And what was so hard won has been abandoned.  
 Dm E  
 Our journey to the stars got off the track,  
 Dm  
 But we'll return some day to claim  
 Am  
 What we once won as our domain,  
 E Am  
 We're goin' back, I swear to God, we're goin' back!

One small step was all we took;  
Just enough to have a look,  
A beginning, just a glimmer of man's powers,  
But our first step on that road  
Has been our last and it has showed  
That we are governed by the weak kneed and the cowards.

Nothing much up there they say  
Don't know how we'll make it pay.  
We could use that dough to help us stay elected.  
But as the billions waste away  
We all come nearer to the day  
When there won't be enough resources to correct it.

We must get us off this fragile little planet.  
Before we blow ourselves to hell and back.  
We're gonna make it plain,  
We'll no more play this waiting game,  
We're goin' back, I swear to God we're goin' back!

Well, we're still not out in space,  
And the whole damn human race,  
Sits and dawdles with our eggs all in one basket.  
We've already bought the tools,  
How long will we stay Earthbound fools?  
That is the question and I think it's time we ask it.

Yes we still haven't lost that sense of wonder.  
This won't become a human cul-de-sac.  
We will see that nothing mars  
Our rightful place among the stars,  
We're goin' back, I swear to God we're goin' back!

For this adventure never will be finished.  
We'll make up for the spine the others lack.  
Take it money, lives, or pain,  
What we once lost we will regain,  
We're goin' back, I swear to God we're goin' back!



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## WINNERS

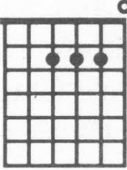
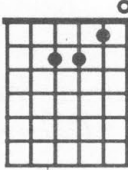
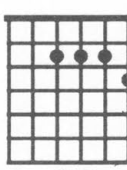
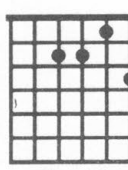
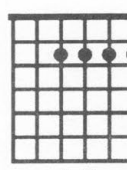
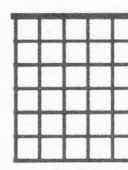
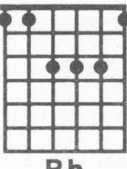
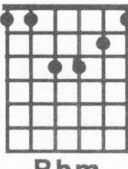
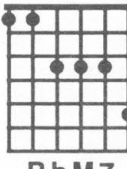
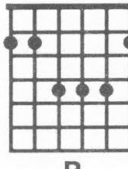
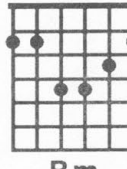
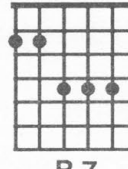
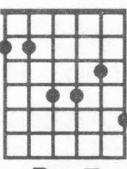
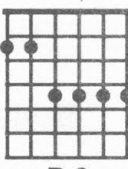
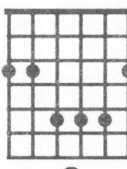
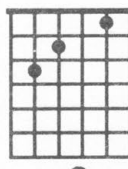
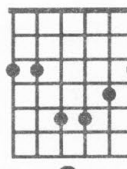
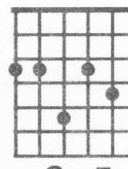
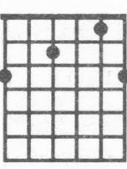
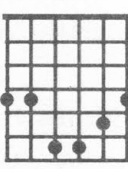
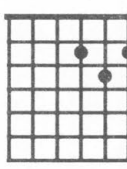
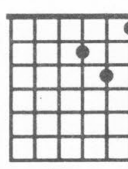
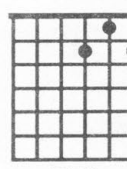
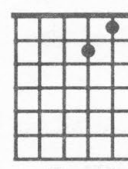
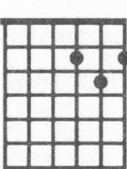
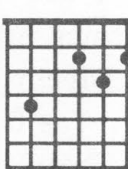
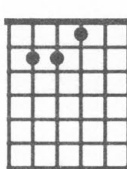
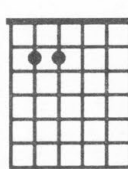
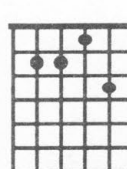
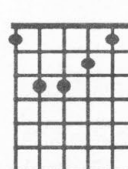
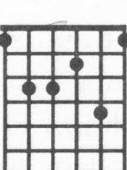
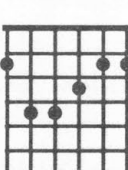
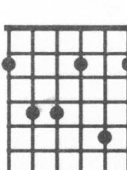
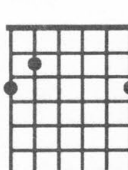
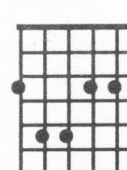
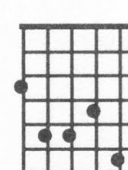
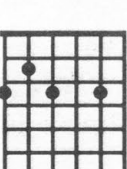
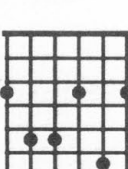
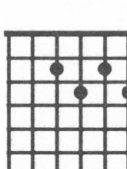
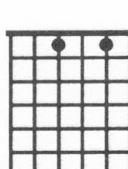
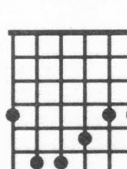
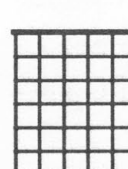
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The Ahasuerus and Flint Traveling Carnival Show . . . . .	Unreal Estate
The Authors . . . . .	Bayfilk II Dredgings
Bomber . . . . .	St. Elmo's Fire
	Carmen Miranda's Ghost
Cat's Cradle . . . . .	CactusCon Choruses
Come On, Make My Day . . . . .	The Best of OVFF
The Dark Children . . . . .	St. Elmo's Fire
Dawson's Christian . . . . .	Song of the Stars
	Notes From the Desert
	Freefall and Other Delights
	St. Elmo's Fire
	Carmen Miranda's Ghost
Don't Play Catch with a Bandersnatch . . . . .	The Best of OVFF
Don't Push that Button . . . . .	St. Elmo's Fire
E.E. . . . .	Bayfilk II Dredgings
For the Rim . . . . .	St. Elmo's Fire
Ghost Puppies in the Sky . . . . .	CactusCon Choruses
Late Night at the Draco Tavern . . . . .	Bayfilk III Concert On Stage
	St. Elmo's Fire
Madame Curie's Hands . . . . .	Notes From the Desert
Paradise Lost . . . . .	OVFF Concert 1
Spacer's Home . . . . .	St. Elmo's Fire
	Carmen Miranda's Ghost
Startide Rising . . . . .	ConChord II Dreams & Nightmares
Ten Degrees or Colder . . . . .	The Best of Bayfilk II
They Call This World Medea . . . . .	Filks That Pass in the Night
They Just Don't Write 'em Like that Anymore . . . . .	ConChord II Mister Author
Threes, Rev. 1.1 . . . . .	Harlenquinade
	Funniest Computer Songs
	St. Elmo's Fire
	Mercedes Lackey Live
Too Late . . . . .	St. Elmo's Fire
Velvet Comet . . . . .	Unreal Estate
We're Goin' Back . . . . .	Pleasure in the OVFFing
	St. Elmo's Fire



# Chord Diagrams for Use with the Songs in this Book.

					
A	Am	A7	Am7	A6	A11
					
Bb	Bbm	Bbm7	B	Bm	B7
					
Bm7	B6	C	C	Cm	Cm7
					
C/G	C#m	D	Dm	D7	Dm7
					
D/A	D/C#	E	Em	E7	F
					
F7	F#	F#m7	G	Gm	G7
					
G7	Gm7	Gdim	G#dim	Ab	

## GUITAR FINGERBOARD

		Strings					
NUT		E	A	D	G	B	E
Frets							
I	F	Bb	Eb	Ab	C	F	
II	Gb	B	E	A	Db	Gb	
III	G	C	F	Bb	D	G	
IV	Ab	Db	Gb	B	Eb	Ab	
V	A	D	G	C	E	A	
VI	Bb	Eb	Ab	Db	F	Bb	
VII	B	E	A	D	Gb	B	
VIII	C	F	Gb	Eb	G	C	
IX	Db	Gb	B	E	Ab	Db	
X	D	G	C	F	A	D	
XI	Eb	Ab	Db	Gb	Bb	Eb	
XII	E	A	D	G	B	E	
XIII	F	Bb	Eb	Ab	C	F	
		6	5	4	3	2	1

## CIRCLE OF FIFTHS

